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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











1547

# JAMES A. GARFIELD.

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FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.



History of the life of our late President  
in Rhyme.

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*Respectfully dedicated to the American People,*

BY E. B. CORBY.

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# In Memorium.

T'was on a cold November morn  
When in a Humble home was born  
A child, so poor it had no name,  
But destined hence to grow in fame.  
The Parents fondly loved their boy  
Because he was their hope and joy;  
And when he grew to be a youth,  
Like Washington, he told the truth.

When other boys were sent to school  
He on the Tow-path drove a Mule.  
But not content thus to remain,  
He sought for knowledge to obtain.  
Securing first a student's place,  
He toiled and studied with such grace  
That soon a Teacher he became,  
And quickly won himself a name.

And as in years he grew apace,  
He entered fully in the race  
To gain renown—and honor too—  
As all good men should ever do.  
To the Senate he was soon sent  
The people's cause to represent,  
And then a Congress he attended,  
And added honor to his name.

Then our land was disgraced,  
And our country's name was  
Then we heard the  
"Come forward: live or die."  
This motto was  
Was quick to answer country's call,  
He volunteered to lead a band,  
To save the honor of our land.



He served his country in the field,  
And never to the foe did yield,  
But victory perched upon his Arms  
And added lustre to his charms.  
Then called to Washington to lend  
Wisdom and counsel as a friend,  
That in his Country's hour of need  
He was so competent to give.

When Lincoln died, that noble chief,  
The country plunged in deepest grief,  
We heard a voice amid the strife  
That called our Country back to life,  
"God reigns," what comfort these words give,  
"The Government of Washington still lives,"  
Through faith in God and trust in man,  
Our Government goes on again.

The war is ended : peace has come;  
There's no more use for sword or gun.  
But still no leisure hours he finds,  
But toils and strives with other minds  
That came in contact on the floor.  
He never worked so hard before  
To oppose the wrong and uphold the right.  
For this he labored day and night.

The convention met to choose a man  
To fill the chair of state again,  
But long and weary worked in vain  
Untill they heard James Garfield's name  
Then with applause and joyful sound  
We hear the cry, "Our man is found."  
Then as the fearless conqueror goes,  
He triumphed over all his foes.

Next in the Presidential chair  
We see him meet out justice fair,  
Trying with all his powers and might  
To crush out evil and sustain the right,  
But in an hour when hopes were high,  
This patriotic chief did die,  
He died, by an assassin's hand,  
This noblest man in all our land.

For eighty days so racked with pain  
This strong man struggled all in vain  
To overcome the cruel blow  
Dealt by the assassin which laid him low.  
With tender care his loving wife  
Did all she could to save his life,  
The surgeon's skill was all in vain,  
They could not save this dying man.

Life's battles fought, the victory's won,  
His labors here on earth are done.  
The weary soul at last found rest  
Safe in the mansions of the blest.  
All honor give to Garfield's name,  
The soldier, statesman, high in fame;  
All parties join in solemn grief,  
All other nations mourn our chief.

Our nation's loss we deeply feel,  
But Christ can all our sorrows heal.  
Peace to his ashes. Rest may they  
Until the Resurrection day.









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